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He chose the peacock for the king of the birds (see page 228)

# The Story of the Puhuy Bird

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Translated from the Spanish by Emma Reh

Illustrations by Marie Lawson

**I**F YOU go by night along the paths and trails of Maya land, a bird comes out to greet your passing. He raises a noisy cry, and alights ahead of you, in the road, where you will have to pass. When you come, he cries again, with a cry that stirs the bosom of the night. He flies away, but only to alight once more where you will have to pass. He waits for you to come, and repeats what he did before.

What bird is it that goes like that by night? Is he perhaps a guide? Why does he cry at the person he so stubbornly pursues? His cry is like his name, "Puhuy! Puhuy!" In his feathers are the colors of all the other birds.

The *puhuy* is a guileless creature who was once deceived. He has followed the roads for ages, still looking for the one who cheated him. He believes his deceiver will return, as he promised to do. But the *puhuy* will wait in vain, for among animals, as among men, there is cunning. Yet ever since that time the *puhuy* has followed the roads. He comes out at night, for he is ashamed of the coat he wears, which is not his.

There was a day when the Great God who made the men and animals, and who made everything else, wanted to give the birds a king to end the discord that naturally existed among them. He planned to call them all together, and pick out the one who was most fitted. What a tumult that raised! Almost every bird believed he was sure to be king, and searched within himself for his good points, and weighed them.

"Surely," said the *xkokolché*, the Indian nightingale, who is the bird of the sweetest song, "the one will be selected who can sing the best, and in that case I must of necessity be chosen."

"Surely the Great God will select the wisest bird," said the owl, or *buho*, "for a good government is one of the wise. In that case, I am bound to be king, for there is no one like myself



for meditation and study." He puffed himself up in his vanity, stroking his feathers with his bill.

"Surely the strongest will be chosen," said the wild turkey. "It takes strength to keep such rioters in order as are some of these birds we have among us. There is

no doubt that I will be king." And shaking his broad wings on the tree where he sat, he broke a limb.

"Surely the Great God will pick the one who flies the highest, for how else could he keep his eye on all the birds?" said the *chom*, as the buzzard is called. And leaving the naked limb on which he roosted, he rose into the air in an altitude flight. "No doubt I will be elected," he said.

"Surely the one who can call the loudest will be king, for he will have to make himself be heard by all the birds," the *chachalaka* said. "And there is no one like myself." Thereupon he gave a cry so sharp that it was heard for an enormous distance.

"Surely I will be king," said the cardinal. "The kingly robe is scarlet, and my lineage is illustrious. My cape is as red as a flame."

And so every bird believed that which he most wished, each thinking the thing was predetermined in his favor.

But the peacock, who had been listening, said nothing. He seemed to be only thinking, and his face was sad. He looked at himself, and saw that his body was beautiful, shapely, tall, and graceful. But his dress was very soiled and ragged. His plumage was ugly, for at that time he was not what he is today. "I could not possibly be king, if I show myself like this," he thought with bitterness. "But if my dress suited my beautiful body more, I would be selected without any doubt." He was an ambitious bird, and stopped before no obstacle. He began to



*All the birds attended*

think what he should do. He remembered the *puhuy*, who was a good friend of his, and had very showy feathers. The *puhuy* could not possibly be king, for he was a bird without any distinction whatever, or any antecedents. So he went to see him.

"I have a proposition to put up to you," said the peacock, "by which both of us can gain considerably. The Great God is certain to choose as king the most beautiful and well-formed bird. You are too little even to think you can be chosen, in spite of your beautiful feathers, for you lack presence and arrogance. I, on the other hand, have a very arrogant carriage, but my feathers are poor and miserable. With your feathers and my body, I would without doubt be a success. I can not give you my body, but you can give me your feathers. Let us make an agreement. If you will lend me your feathers, I will return them when I am king, and share with you the riches and honors of my lot."

The *puhuy* thought over the tempting offer, and as he is a guileless bird, and the peacock tempted him even more, he finally yielded. That was how the *puhuy* happened to take off his feathers, and give them to the other bird.

The peacock put them on, and immediately they began to grow and adjust themselves to his body, until he had a long rich garment with a train. "That is more like it!" said the peacock, proudly strutting. "Now you will see how our game will come out. I promise you, friend *Puhuy*, that you and I will reign together."

In the meantime, the *puhuy* was left naked and shivering in the cold. Whenever he saw other birds coming along the road, he felt

ashamed, and hid himself in the bushes. The day came, and the Great God called the meeting. All the birds attended, and each one believed that he would be the chosen one. How surprised they were to see the peacock arrayed in such magnificence! They felt very common before such beauty, and even the Great God himself was enchanted by the sight. He admired the transformation very much, and, in fact, chose the peacock for the king of the birds immediately.

But the peacock was an ungrateful and deceitful bird. Once he had attained his ambitions, he forgot his friend, the poor *puhuy*, to whom he owed his entire success.

One day the other birds saw the *puhuy* trying to hide his nakedness in the grass. They felt so sorry for him, that each gave him a feather from his plumage, so that he could dress himself again. That is why the *puhuy* wears such a variety of feathers now. But he is ashamed, because they are not his own, and so he only goes out at night. He still thinks the peacock will come back and return his feathers, and he searches the roads for his unfaithful friend. He looks at all the people he meets, and cries at them, asking if they have not seen the peacock. The poor *puhuy* is waiting in vain.

But why did the Great God let the peacock do this thing? Did he not punish such rascality? Yes, indeed. The peacock used to sing harmoniously, but everyone knows that he does not sing now. When the Great God heard what that bird had done, he ordered him never to sing again. So now, when the peacock does cry out, it is an ugly screech that makes all the other birds laugh.

# International Ice Patrol

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

**F**OG was drifting across the North Atlantic off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland when the officer on the bridge of the Coast Guard cutter *Tampa* heard the ship's telephone ring. Picking up the speaking tube, he asked, "Radio message?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer from the wireless room. "The steamer *Saratoga* reports a large berg sighted in latitude 47° 10', longitude 49° 35'."

It was the duty of the *Tampa* to stand guard over icebergs, and so the cutter immediately started in pursuit of this one. Cautiously she stole forward until a shift in the wind blew the fog from her path and enabled the engineer to increase speed. As he did so, the bell on the bridge rang again. "Radio dispatch from the *Paris*, sir," came the message. "She wants information about fog and bergs."

"What's her present location?"

The radio officer gave the liner's position and the route she was taking. "Send the *Paris* an ice warning," directed the navigator on the cutter's bridge. "Tell her how to alter her course to avoid the berg."

Leagues away across the Atlantic the great liner, racing at top speed, shifted her course a point. The radio message from the Ice Patrol would keep the *Paris* from colliding with the berg.

On went the *Tampa* in pursuit of her quarry, until in the moonlight her crew could see a great, white mass, irregular in outline, with shining crags that resembled snow-capped mountain peaks. On the cutter's bridge, seamen stood at the searchlights, spraying the beams on the ghost-like shape. "Way enough!" signaled the navigator when the *Tampa* was still at a considerable distance from the berg. Eight-ninths of that vast mountain was beneath the surface, and as the under-water ice melted, the berg would tilt and roll into a new position.

There was a roar as the mass slid forward and began to topple toward the *Tampa*, then a gigantic splash that sent waves rocketing in all directions. The searchlights picked up the berg again, but now it had taken a new shape, and small islands of ice were floating away from its sides. As it rocked and rolled, men on the cutter were charting the berg's course, and computing the speed of the currents in which it was travel-

ing; and this information was being flashed to all ships in the North Atlantic, and to the United States Weather Bureau for re-broadcasting.

On the night of April 14, 1912, the transatlantic liner *Titanic*, making her maiden voyage, collided with a giant iceberg, and was sunk with a loss of more than 1,500 lives. That was the greatest disaster in the history of ocean travel, and opened the eyes of all seafaring nations to the need of protecting shipping from encounters with bergs. The United States Navy at once sent two cruisers to do guard duty in the North Atlantic until the last bergs vanished, late in June, and the next year the leading maritime countries of the world created the International Ice Patrol Service. Each nation was to share in the expense in proportion to the tonnage of its merchant fleet in North Atlantic waters, and the United States government agreed to take charge of the work.

Most of the bergs that imperil shipping in the North Atlantic start their voyage from the west coast of Greenland. That country is covered with an ice cap that is constantly moving from the higher levels toward the sea in the shape of glaciers that push through fiords. When these glaciers reach the coast, they are shoved forward into the water until the weight breaks off a mass of ice. This drifts southward, a floating island shaped like a mountain, and much deeper below the water than above. How far the icebergs will drift depends on their size, and the direction of the currents; some voyage no farther than Newfoundland before they melt or ground on the shore; others are floated by the Labrador Current to the Grand Banks, and on to the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, where they speedily melt. From March to July is the iceberg season in the North Atlantic shipping lanes.

At the southeastern edge of the Grand Banks the cold Labrador Current meets the warm Gulf Stream, and this mingling of waters sends fog billowing over the ocean for thousands of square miles. This blanket covers the sea forty per cent of the time in winter, and half the time in summer. Gales are frequent. But through this fog-bound and storm-swept region runs the busiest water trade route of the globe, and on the Newfoundland Banks is the most famous of fishing grounds. Ever since daring Breton fishermen commenced to sail their ships to the Banks, their

chief fear has been that an iceberg, unseen in the fog, might loom across their bows, and, hurling its tremendous weight against their timbers, smash them to kindling.

The ships of the Patrol Service are Coast Guard cutters driven by electricity and burning oil; they are small compared to many of the bergs, but exceptionally seaworthy, capable of successfully buffeting the mightiest seas, and able to attain a speed of fifteen knots. Two cutters set out March first each year, and a third is held in reserve as a "stand-by" vessel. The two cutters take turns on patrol, each remaining at sea for two weeks at a time. As soon as they start from port, they establish communication by radio with shore and ships, with the United States stations at Chatham on Cape Cod and Bar Harbor, the Canadian stations at Cape Race and Chebucto Head near Halifax, and the French station near St. Pierre. From steamers and fishing ships the patrol gathers information about fog and weather conditions, and knows where bergs may be expected to arrive. When the first berg is sighted, the real work begins. The first ice broadcast is radioed: "Patrol vessel near a berg; latitude 42° 30', longitude 48° 30'; set and drift 180° five-tenths of a knot per hour; foggy, smooth sea." The hunt is now on; the great iceberg chase! Sometimes the patrol radios information about twenty bergs in a day.

The cutter is wary of coming close to those huge ice mountains, but approaches near enough to take photographs, and make sketches of the berg from two sides. Length, breadth, and height above the water are carefully figured, and from these measurements the total mass can be fairly accurately gauged. And when the patrol has finished its study, the probable course of that particular berg, its description, and the number assigned to it for identification, are made known to all ships in the North Atlantic.

The patrol speeds north toward Greenland, in quest of the new fleet of bergs that are just starting on their south-bound voyage; then turns back toward what is called the "cold wall," the line between the Labrador Current and the Gulf Stream, beyond which the bergs rarely pass. Each morning and evening at a regular hour



*Standing guard over a berg*

U. S. COAST GUARD

every berg in the steamer lanes is accounted for by radio to the United States Weather Bureau, which serves as a clearing-house for all marine information.

These monsters of the sea vary greatly in size. When the patrol first sights the flotilla in March some of the bergs are more than 500 feet long, longer than many a city block, and tower above the surface more than 250 feet, which is only one-ninth of their total height. They are divided into two main classes by the patrol: "solid" bergs and "drydocks." In the former class are those that rise in a solid mass, frequently with the symmetry of a large block of marble; in the latter class are bergs with a scooped out saddle in the middle, and a peak at each end, giving them the appearance of a vast floating drydock. Usually the berg is surrounded by a haze, the halo that always distinguishes ice as it floats into warmer waters; sometimes the sloping sides are bluish or greenish, and tiny air bubbles on the surface give it a dazzling white glitter in the full sun.

The patrol has made many experiments in the attempt to destroy the bergs by bombs and mines. Shell fire was found useless; a six-pound projectile, fired point-blank at a range of 150 yards, would not penetrate the ice more than half its length. Men from the cutters have planted explosives on ledges of the bergs, and then, pulling away to a safe distance, reeling off the electric control cable, have fired the train, only to see the berg shiver a little, a shower of loose ice slide from the top, and the mass, like a

giant giving a shrug of the shoulders at having been hit with a pebble, move serenely on through the sea. Again and again explosives have been used that would have blown the stoutest ship to smithereens; but they have only served to knock a knob from a berg, or slightly crack its sides. The warmth of the Gulf Stream appears to be the only real destroyer of the berg.

When it reaches the "cold wall" the voyage of the berg is usually about finished. Here the line between the Labrador Current and the Gulf Stream is easily distinguished, the cold water of the current being olive-green in color, and the water of the Gulf Stream a rich indigo blue. It is a curious fact that where the Labrador Current and the Gulf Stream meet, a difference of as much as twenty to thirty degrees of temperature is often observed in the surface water within a single ship's length; and as a result an iceberg weighing half a million tons, that has voyaged all the way from Greenland, will be entirely melted in nine days after it has reached the Gulf Stream. Occasionally, but only very rarely, one will drift as far south as parallel forty, the latitude of Philadelphia, Indianapolis, and Denver; and bergs have been known to travel even farther and reach the waters around Bermuda.

Sometimes a berg is useful to the crew of the cutter. The ship, coming from its base with fresh provisions for its two weeks of patrol duty, can lower men in a boat to chop off sufficient ice to

fill its refrigerators, provided that the sea is calm, and the berg not too frisky. Each cutter carries more supplies than its own crew will need, for as it roams over the 150,000 square sea miles that are its hunting ground, it winds its way through the fleet of barks that come each year from France to fish on the Grand Banks. With these fishermen the Coast Guardsmen trade fresh vegetables, meat, chocolate, and tobacco for fresh fish; the surgeon aboard the patrol ship tends them if they are ill or sets broken bones; the cutter's mechanics make repairs to fog horns or other equipment; and last, but not least, the patrol takes the fishermen's letters, that are to be sent to their families in France. If they performed no other services than these, the patrol would have accomplished much; but the visits to the great fishing fleet are only incidental to the vastly important work of guarding ships from icebergs.

On the steamer thoroughfare of the North Atlantic, are two lanes, the "westbound tracks," for ships coming to America from Europe, and the "eastbound tracks," sixty miles south, for those going in the opposite direction. On this thoroughfare the patrol cutter is the traffic officer, and any vessel that fails to keep on its track is reported to headquarters, since in a fog such a ship may be as dangerous to commerce as a derelict or a berg. If bergs are drifting in a current that will bring them across the lanes, the patrol gives the stop sign by radio, and detours the traffic to the south.

Recently the captain of the *Berengaria*, arriving in New York, reported that he had sighted an unusually large berg directly in the path of his ship. "I did not worry," the captain said, "because I had been notified of its coming down two days before by the patrol boat which accompanied the berg."

On the fourteenth of April each year memorial services for the *Titanic* are held aboard the Coast Guard cutter on patrol duty, and in response to a radio request, every ship in the North Atlantic silences its radio for five minutes, while three rifle volleys are fired across the waters where the great liner was lost. Icebergs still drift in those waters, and are still capable of destroying any vessel that collides with them; but since the International Ice Patrol was established twenty-three years ago, not a ship has been lost by collision with a berg.



U. S. COAST GUARD  
Memorial services for the "Titanic" are held every year over the spot where she went down



*Little fish may rain down on her*

**W**HAT would you think if you should go out in the rain some day, and feel cold, wriggly little fish flopping down on your face?"

I asked the question of ten-year-old Joan, who lives in the house next door to me. Joan loves the rain. Often when I have been caught in a shower, and am dashing from the corner to shelter, I find her out in her yard in her gay yellow raincoat, her face lifted skyward.

She looked at me seriously now. Plainly, such an idea seemed too silly to be funny. "It couldn't rain fish," said she. "There aren't any fish in the sky."

Joan is a bright little girl, and she brings home such good marks on her report card that her mother and father are very proud of her. But she was all wrong in this instance. On occasion there certainly are fish in the sky. Some day during Joan's lifetime—if she happens to be in the right spot at the right time—slimy little perch and trout may rain down on her by the dozen, slapping her wetly on the face, slipping down her neck, squirming in muddy puddles at her feet. Such a thing may really happen to her—just as it may happen to you. And if you read this article you will know why.

It is strange that many people seem never to have heard of fish showers, for they are not in the least new. Dr. E. W. Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History went into the

## When Fish Fall from the Sky

MARY PORTER RUSSELL

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

matter thoroughly a few years ago, and found that records of these queer rains go back over seventeen hundred years. One old account tells of a fish storm on the Greek Peninsula that lasted for three days.

All over the world rains of fish have come down, sometimes in lonely far-away islands, sometimes in crowded cities. Count de Castelnau, a noted French naturalist, told in 1861 of a storm at Singapore in which fifty acres of land were covered with fish.

And here are the words of John Lewis, a Scotch carpenter, who seems to have had a lively time in a rain near Aberdare in 1839:

"I was getting out a piece of timber for the purpose of setting it for the saw, when I was startled by something falling all over me, down my neck, on my head, and on my back. On putting my hand down my neck, I was surprised to find they were little fish. By this time I saw the whole ground was covered with them. I took off my hat, the brim of which was full of them. They were jumping all about."

The fish showers which naturally seem most real to us are those which have taken place in the United States. Perhaps there has even been one near your own home. Dr. Gudger's records show that at one time or another fish have fallen from the sky in South Carolina, North Carolina, Mississippi, Rhode Island, New York, Florida, New Jersey, Vermont, South Dakota, Maryland, and Louisiana.

The latest of these storms occurred at Albany, New York, on the night of July 7, 1935. There had been a heavy downpour of rain and a great deal of thunder and lightning. James Bowser, eleven years old, and Jimmie Devoe, ten years old, were watching the streaks of light from a window when they saw "fish mixed with the rain." They caught some of the fish, and displayed them the next day, to prove they were not dreaming.

A shower somewhat like this one took place about seven years ago at the home of a North Carolina farmer. It was a very happy and thrill-

ing time for the children of the family. They rushed barefoot from the house, and waded into puddles, pulling out handfuls of small fish, some alive, some dead. Two children were anxious to keep the live ones from dying, and their parents let them put into an unused well as many of the slippery little creatures as they could catch.

Fish are not the only queer things known to come down from the clouds. Showers of worms, and toads, and frogs have also been recorded, as well as heavy rains of hay, wool, wheat, oranges, pebbles, salt, and a long list of other items. Maybe you would like being in an orange shower; but if the oranges happened to hit you on the head, you probably would not feel like eating many of them.

There is, of course, an explanation of how all these things get up in the sky where they don't belong, and of why they finally come down again. You may have already guessed it. If not, this is what the scientists have to say.

They tell us first to think of tornadoes, and of how they sweep up human beings, animals, roofs of buildings, and so forth, and carry them many miles through the air. Well, a waterspout is a tornado over water. It can not often find an animal or a person to take up in its cruel clutches; but it does find fish, and it lifts them by the hundreds from their lake and river and ocean homes. The surrounding water goes right up with them. Moreover, many thunderstorms, which have not the force of a tornado, are yet strong enough to carry aloft anything of fairly light weight.

Once taken high up in the air by the lifting powers of the wind, objects may make long, long journeys before being returned to the ground. Gravity brings them back to earth hard and fast, whenever the upward air currents withdraw and leave them stranded in the sky.

You are probably wondering how fish can fall from such great heights without being killed. That was the first question I asked one of the scientists of the United States Weather Bureau when he was telling me how they jump about after landing from their long journey. He answered that I couldn't be much of a fisherman, or I would know that fish are never easily hurt by falls and blows. Even so, those which fall on pavements are usually killed. But if lucky enough to fall into pools of water, or on soft, grassy beds, the majority seem none the worse for their exciting experience. It isn't every fish that gets a chance to travel up in the sky, and some of them seem quite smug about it.

A baby carp once fell frozen in a hail stone, and an eight-inch turtle also came down encased in ice.

Ancient peoples, who knew nothing of the workings of the great air world, were terrified by the showers of fish and other strange things that sometimes fell from the sky. Particularly were they frightened by "bloody" rain, a kind of red rain that still falls frequently in certain regions. They had no way of knowing that desert dust, blown up into the clouds, accounted for the color. Their clothes, when wet with this rain, really looked as if they were drenched in blood. The horrified men and women would run shrieking through the streets, sometimes tearing their garments from them.

Today we are not superstitious. We no longer believe in "signs." Thanks to our scientists, we understand why most things happen as they do.

Still, I don't think we should look with amusement or contempt on the people who lived long ago. Suppose you knew nothing whatever of the habits of winds and storms. Wouldn't you be frightened by bloody rains, or by showers of living creatures? I believe that I should. In fact, if I am ever in a fish storm and a wriggly fish slips down my neck, I may forget all my comforting knowledge and behave queerly anyhow—much as did those poor souls of long ago who ran from falling "blood."



*They waded into puddles, pulling out handfuls of fish*

# Theresa Follows the Crops

CLARA LAMBERT

Illustrations by Nadine Wenden

FROM the top of an old ratty car, came a soft Mexican voice singing a made-up tune to the motion of the lurching machine:

*In our old Chevrolita  
All tumbled down and old,  
From Montebello, California, to  
Yakima we go.  
January to June,  
June to January!  
In our old Chevrolita  
Papa, Mama, Grandma,  
José, Alberto, Theresa,  
We all follow the fruit,  
Follow the fruit!  
Oh, the yellow oranges,  
Oh, the sweet cantaloupes!  
Oh, the tomato so red,  
The cotton so white,  
The grapes so scented,  
And the berries like wine!  
Apples, peaches, pears, and prunes,  
Apricots and cherries.  
Chopping lettuce, topping beets,  
Picking, planting, harvesting  
With almost never a roof over our heads,  
We follow the crops in our old Chevrolita."*

The song with no particular tune nor rhyme was made up of bits of Theresa Gomez's life. Perched on the roof of the old car were a scraggly goat, a chicken coop, and ten-year-old Theresa. Inside were papa, mama, grandma, big brother José and baby Alberto. On the sides were pots and pans, bedding, clothes, and odds and ends of furniture and tools. Wherever there was a harvest, or a picking, or work in the fields, there was the Gomez family. They and thousands like them traveled along the highways from southern California to northern Washington. The tune and words that Theresa invented were sad because what Theresa wanted more than anything in the world was to live in a house that never moved, a white house with flowers around it, and grass. She wanted to go to school from that house that never moved, dressed in a real dress with big, splashy flowers printed all over it. And she wanted a big ribbon to tie around her head to set off her shining black hair.

Her song and dream were broken into by a

voice. "There is that same Mexican family. Now Betty, you must keep away from them if they camp at the same place we do."

Theresa looked at the passing car. It, too, carried a family that followed the crops, but their car was quite new, with pots, pans, and bedding in a trailer behind it. Inside the car was a little girl about Theresa's age, with yellow hair and fair skin. She was dressed in a faded but clean dress with a pattern of poppies all over it. Theresa turned her back to the car on the road. Her face flushed. It was like this wherever they went. Golden-haired Betty or Peggy or Mary would never talk to her. She remembered the day she had gone to the American school in a small town in California. Papa had not wanted her to go to school. He had been angry that she could find no work in the orchard. The children had run away from her, and the teacher had seemed cross with her, too. How could Theresa tell her how long her family was going to remain in the place? She had answered, "There are always crops. From January to January, we follow the crops." All the children had laughed, and Theresa had never gone back.

Theresa's pleasant dream was over. The orchards on each side of the road looked heavy with fruit waiting for hands, hands, and more hands to pluck and pack them. In the car were some of the hands that would do it—papa's, mama's, grandma's and José's. She could not get work in the orchard, she was too small. All day she would have to take care of Alberto.

The cars along the road were turning in at a gate. From her perch on top of the car, Theresa could already see the long wooden barracks where the families had to live. She knew what they were like—bare walls which divided family from family and thin partitions which divided each section into rooms. No flowers and no white—only ugly, long, wooden shelters. Off to one side of the barracks she could see campers who did not go to live in the barracks spread out until the whole scene was more like a dumping ground than an orderly camp for workers. There was the pump, the camp office, and a strange-looking building.

Papa signed at the office for his family of workers, and then began on building a house. Papa would not live in the barracks. He found

a spot near a tree, and with the aid of two heavy packing cases, and long tangled vines, made a *ramada*, or shelter, for the Gomez's. In an hour or two, there were clothes drying on the branches overhead, corn cakes on the outdoor stove made of an old washtub and some tin pipe, and barrels and boxes to serve as chairs inside and outside the *ramada*.

From somewhere Theresa heard a familiar voice. "Those Mexicans are right alongside of us, Betty. Remember what I said." It was not the warm September air that made Theresa's face burn.

The afternoon found Theresa holding Alberto in her arms, looking in terror at his red-spotted face and chest. Everyone was in the orchard working at the fruit. Theresa had tied a rag around Alberto's waist to keep the disease from spreading, as her grandmother had told her to do in case of illness, but fat Mrs. Corsi, her Italian neighbor, had wandered toward her from the barracks and had stopped to speak with her, saying "Scarlatina? Bambino bad sick! I getta lady. She com. She fixa bambino!"

Mrs. Corsi waddled toward the office. Theresa sat with tears in her eyes; tears for the baby, and tears for herself. For the remarks that Betty's mother had made still cut her deeply, and added to her fright about Alberto. Her father had warned her not to allow anyone to see Alberto or anyone else if he or she were ill. He was afraid that all of the family would lose their jobs if sickness were discovered among them. Theresa squeezed Alberto until he whimpered and scowled at the lady in white who soon appeared. Curious eyes were cast her way from the few stragglers that were not working. Theresa could feel Betty's gaze.

"What is this for?" the nurse asked as she took Alberto from Theresa, and unwound the rag from the baby's body.

Theresa shook her head but did not answer at first. She was sure that the nurse would laugh. But this nurse did not laugh when Theresa told her, simply patted her hand and looked into her face smilingly and gently.

"Is Alberto sick with scarlatina?" Theresa asked. "Mrs. Corsi says yes."

"These spots are hives. You must give the



*Perched on the roof of the old car were a scraggly goat, a chicken coop, and ten-year-old Theresa*

baby different food. Does he eat what you do?" the nurse asked.

Theresa shook her head for yes. She became shy and frightened. She shooed away the flies swarming about the baby and the nurse. While she watched the nurse's strong fingers, she picked up the little bottle with bright red stain in it, on which was printed the word, "mercurochrome."

"Do you go to school here?" the nurse asked, as she began to wash the baby with liquid from a big bottle.

"No. We just came today. Is there school?" Theresa's face grew serious. "Americans do not like me in school. I do want to go."

"Look here, there is a school not far from this orchard on the outskirts of Yakima. I know you can go there. There is a nursery in this camp for babies like Alberto. You can leave him there, and go to school while your people are harvesting."

"Suppose you get a clean dress and fix your hair to go to school tomorrow," the nurse said, as she began putting away her things. "I am telling all the children of school age—" Her sentence was never finished.

"Go 'way," shrieked papa. Coming back to the *ramada* for his knife, he had arrived just in time to hear this part of the conversation. His face was angry and his fists were clenched.

The nurse went about her packing coolly. She said, "It is the law here that children must go to school—even the migratory children."

"No, no!" he answered. Then in Spanish he

poured out a long, loud flow of language which made the stragglers stare.

"Besides," the nurse continued, turning to Theresa, "you had better move from this *ramada* into the barracks. There are too many flies here. At least there is netting over the windows there and your food won't be all over the ground. It's a wonder all of you aren't sick. Take care of Alberto the way I showed you. Be ready for school tomorrow and have the baby ready for the nursery."

To Theresa's father she said, "Children of Theresa's age must be in school. She is too small to work in the orchards. You will be here until October, and school has just begun, so she can have at least six weeks of it."

Hot and cold with joy and fear, Theresa looked at the bottle in her hand, and an idea came to her. She asked the nurse if she might keep it. The nurse nodded, and Theresa hid the bottle in her blouse.

Papa would not talk with Theresa as she went about her work of preparing supper and caring for the baby. Last of all she washed her dress of bleached flour sacks. Once when there was no work in the Santa Clara Valley, grandma had put the sacks together with a bit of red yarn.

Meanwhile the whole family had assembled. Papa was shrieking out the news to them. Now everyone could hear. Fierce protests greeted her as she came back from the camp faucet with a pail of water. She heard Betty's mother say, "The Mexicans are at it again. It's a wonder they don't kill each other." Mrs. Corsi had come out of her barrack to see what had happened to her neighbors.

Theresa said simply, "Nurse says it's the law, and Theresa is going tomorrow."

They grumbled as they ate their supper and papa did not play on the little guitar which went with him everywhere. He did not complain of the Mexicans who were trying to grow the bad weed *marihuana*. He just sat. Inside of Theresa, however, a mad carnival was going on. For the first time in her life she felt that she belonged somewhere by law. Maybe in this school the children would be friendly toward her. She knew how to dance and to sing. She knew many Mexican songs. She had even cut out a picture of the great Diego Rivera's paintings from a Sunday paper that someone had left in camp.



*Theresa sat with tears in her eyes, tears for the baby and tears for herself*

She had tried to copy them, and had practiced drawing. Maybe, oh, maybe, the Americans would like what she could do, and for six weeks, while the orchards needed hands, she might be in paradise.

While papa smoked angrily, and mama sat half asleep, Theresa took the small bottle from her blouse, and began to make a design in her dress. From somewhere in her memory she brought forth a pattern that was not American nor Mexican, but a combination. With the end of the small glass applicator she placed hundreds of small red dots on the crinkled, cheap muslin until they looked almost like needlework. She washed her black hair, gave herself a sponge bath, and laid out her clothes.

All night long, Theresa tossed. She could hear papa tossing, too. When she heard him snore, she would leave the *ramada*, and wait until morning for the school children near by. Toward morning a faint, gentle snore filled the shelter. Theresa rose quietly and quickly. She picked up her shoes, tidied her hair, and made her way to the camp. A bright light was still burning near the office. Next to it was the strange building which she had discovered on the day of their arrival. Peeking in as she passed it, she decided it must be the nursery, for there were little cots, and beds, and small tables, and chairs. She found her way to the road, and for two hours sat watching the sun rise.

The camp was awake now, and men, women, and older children were going into the orchards.

Theresa looked about for a hiding place. Would papa look for her near the roads? A huge rock and dense underbrush promised security. The sound of cars, bells, and hurried voices told her that the camp was being emptied quickly. She heard children's voices—and then—then she heard papa's voice. Who was talking with him? It was the nurse, who was calm while he was raging. The other children were laughing. Theresa thought she could distinguish Betty's voice. Nearer and nearer they came to her hiding place. For a few minutes, there was a louder argument than all, and then the bus was sighted. Papa seemed to have turned back.

Theresa saw about twelve children waiting with the nurse. Just as the last one ascended the back step of the bus, she dashed from the thicket, and crept in. Her heart beat loudly, but no one noticed her.

Theresa was the only Mexican among the children from the orchards. Would the others turn away from her? Would they laugh at her and call her names? In her hand she had clutched the Diego Rivera picture. In her heart was the fear that papa would be there.

In the school office the nurse told about the children, and the girl in charge smiled, even at Theresa. The nurse came over to Theresa. "I thought we had lost you. Your father is angry. You will have to come to see me when you get back today. I will see that everything is all right."

Theresa and Betty were taken to another room. There were no other children in the room, for it

was early. Theresa did not know that only the children who followed the fruit arose at five in the morning.

A young woman came into the room where the two girls sat silently. A low voice spoke. "Are you the children from the camp?"

They nodded. Betty did not look at Theresa. The teacher walked with the two along a hallway, and turned into a room with pictures around it, curtains over the windows, and many small seats.

"Theresa, did you embroider this dress?" the teacher asked.

"I painted it," Theresa almost whispered. Betty's eyes were glued to the decorated sacks.

When the other girls and boys came into the room they did not make faces at Theresa. They sat down and waited for the teacher to begin the day.

"Children, this is Betty Marsh and Theresa Gomez." The teacher took Theresa by the hand and squeezed it in a friendly fashion. "I hope Theresa won't mind my saying this to you, but the lovely pattern on this dress she wears, she made all alone, and the design is like the ones I showed you."

Theresa could feel a friendly spirit come toward her. Betty leaned forward and whispered, "I like it, too. You look nice." Theresa had won something that no one could take away from her ever—her first sight of a kinder world. It made her forget that papa's anger awaited her. It was bigger than anything that had ever happened to her.

## A Spanish Calendar

RUTH SAWYER

Illustrations by Anna Milo Upjohn

WHEN I was mid-ways young my brother and I took a calendar one New Year's, and going through the entire year, we marked the most important and exciting days. We began with Twelfth Night, and finished with Christmas; and in between we marked those days belonging to Saint Valentine and George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Saint Patrick, Columbus and Saint Nicholas, besides a host of others. When we had finished we said: "What a lot of fun there is in a year!"

Some holidays are common to many lands, while there are other feast days and holidays that belong only to certain countries. When I was in Seville on New Year's Eve, the whole city gathered in the Plaza de San Fernando, just before the clock on the government building

struck out the old year and struck in the new. Young, old, rich, poor, everybody laughed and talked with everybody else. Venders with trays hung about their necks went through the crowds selling toasted almonds, dates, and *turrón*, which is a delicious candy made of honey and almonds. Most important of all, they sold little white paper bags holding exactly twelve grapes. As the big hands of the clock neared twelve, everybody stopped talking, and stood with their bag open, ready. For, between the first and last strokes of the hour, the grapes must be eaten to bring good luck for the New Year, and bring to pass that one wish that each may wish for himself, or for someone dear to him.

I stood alone in the hush of those last two minutes. And then, from not far off, I heard



A Spanish doorway

low sobbing. It is not hard to pass quickly through a Spanish crowd. All you need to do is to say: "Permiteme," and a way is opened in whatever direction you wish to go. In a second I was standing beside a little girl who was crying into the crook of her arm.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I have no grapes. Rosa, Pancho, Tomás—all have grapes but me!"

"Come. We'll find the *vendedor, pronto.*"

There was one on the fringe of the crowd, calling for the last time that he had grapes to sell. I paid the penny, or "fat dog," they cost, while the little girl grabbed the bag, tore it open and swallowed her first grape as the clock struck. Before the New Year began, we had both finished the twelve. The little girl dug the corner of her black shawl into her eyes, scrubbed them dry, and tipped up her face smiling to mine: "Pardon me, *señora*, but there wasn't time before. Now I give you a thousand thanks. It was a very, very good wish—the most important wish in the world that I had to wish."

"Is one permitted to ask what the wish was?"

She hesitated. "It will not molest the wish—if I tell it?"

I was sure that it might help it along. So she told of the dear mother at home—sick, very sick; and of how in order to get well there must be *carbón* in the *brasero* all through the winter. That was what she had wished—that the *carbón*-seller would stop at their door every cold day, and leave charcoal to burn.

The *carbón*-seller did. Thus Lucita's wish and mine both came true; for I had wished that I might make friends with the children of Seville, visit them in their homes, and learn something of the rich and poor of Spanish living.

Twelfth Night is the day that the Three Kings ride to Bethlehem. They reach Seville at nightfall; and as they have still a long way to go, they stop only long enough to leave a present for every child. Since New Year's I hadn't been able to get near a toy shop window, there were so many layers of children looking in. And in the streets, where the boys were playing the great American game of "*futbol*," you heard them shout their excitement:

"Will the Kings ride tonight? They might forget to come this way."

"Never! Haven't they always ridden over the bridge, from Triana?"

"Will they be as splendid as always?"

"And bring sweetmeats?"

"I want a real *futbol*—not one made of paper and string like this one."

"I want a bull-fighter's suit—sword and all."

"You want the world. Isn't it enough to see the Kings?"

The crowded, twisted little streets shone with the copper light from hundreds of petrol torches. The sound of strange desert music fill our ears long before the Kings appeared. Outriders and musicians came first; then the astrologer, bearing the star that led the Kings to the manger. Melchior came next with a black beard, dressed in blue and silver, followed by slaves wearing his colors; then pack-trains of tiny gray donkeys with bells and tassels, their baskets filled with toys. Next rode red-bearded Gaspar, dressed in crimson and gold, his slaves, and donkeys, and musicians, and oxen; and last, Balthazar, with a long white beard, decked out in orange and black.

One small boy stood close to me, packed down in the crowd. "Niño, whatever will you do, hidden down there?" I asked him.

"Don't molest yourself, *señora*. There is always somebody to lift one up."

And sure enough, just as the astrologer was turning the corner of the street into the small plaza where we stood, a man stooped and swung the boy clear of the crowd. Instantly, other children appeared on the shoulders of the men,

until the plaza was dotted with small faces shining in the torchlight. Voices cried out in excited whispers.

"Look—look! They come—they come!"  
"The Three Kings come—as they promised!"  
"It is Melchior with the black beard."  
"Is it Melchior who rides first, *papacito*?"  
"Look—they are magnificent—more wonderful than ever!"

From their saddlebags the Kings drew handfuls of caramels, and scattered them to the children. The ones I caught I gave to the small boy near me. I asked his name and he gave back the customary answer, "My name is Paco, *señora*, to serve God and you."

Every year one marked different days on the calendar for Carnival, as you do for Easter. Carnival heralds in Lent. Usually when it begins, the short Spanish winter is coming to a close. When I was in Seville, Carnival Sunday was the gayest of all the days. After Mass everyone went to the *Paseo de las Delicias* which, literally translated, means the Walk of Delights, to dance, to sing, to toot horns, and play zambombas and tambourines.

Two of us Americans had no desire for costumes; but Lucita wanted one. She had never attended Carnival in costume, in all her eleven years. So we made for her a dancer's dress, with a red and white ruffled skirt and a long train. With it she wore a gay shoulder shawl, a high red comb, and black mantilla, ear-rings of brass and bright red stones which brushed her shoulders; and a lovely fan. But do you know what made Lucita *mas encantada que nada*, "More enchanted than nothing?" It was the little pair of black slippers with high red heels. She clicked along beside us on those heels, and laughed and sang, and said that she never expected to be so happy in all of God's world again—not even when she was married.

As the afternoon waned, we drank our Spanish chocolate, made with cinnamon, and went back into the city, to the cathedral, to hear the vesper service, and to watch the *seises* dance.

Dancing in a cathedral, especially before the High Altar, may seem unbelievable; but so it

used to be in Seville before the revolution. This custom went back hundreds of years to the time when much of Spain belonged to the Moors. It may even have gone back of that to the Hebrew custom of dancing before the Ark of the Covenant. *Seis* is the Spanish word for "six"; but there were actually ten little boys who danced with castanets in the cathedral. They wore old court costumes of white satin slashed with crimson, and white hats with long crimson plumes, knee breeches and high stockings.

We two Americans and Lucita knew some of the *seises*; so as they marched solemnly down the aisle from the choir to the High Altar, the boys craned their necks to see whether we were there. One saw us and nudged two others. They did not get out of step or change expression; but as they passed our seats they wiggled their fingers at us. After the service they were waiting in the nave to ask us how we had liked it. Was it not splendid, and did they do their steps just right? We went again every afternoon of Carnival to watch them. For it is a lovely, stately dance; the music is soft and beautiful, the organ and violins playing together. There is light from thousands of candles. Very little children sit, hushed and quiet, on the laps of their mothers or fathers; and when it is over the hundreds of watchers let out their breath as one person in a slow, rising sigh of pure delight.

The Second of May—Madrid. They keep the day much as we keep our Fourth of July, for it is a celebration of a war of independence, fought between the French and Spanish, a little over a hundred years ago. It is marked on the calendar of every Spanish boy and girl.

There is only room left to tell you of Christmas Eve. The Spanish children call it *nochebuena*—the Good Night. I spent it in Malaga; and there I found Miguelito. It was a cold week, that one before Christmas. Farmers drove flocks of turkeys down the hills and sold

(Continued on page 249)



Miguelito



Lucita looked like this

# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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*First a little sunshine,  
Then a little rain,  
Now some snowflakes melting  
On the window pane.*

*Then a little wind,  
And now the sky is blue.  
Funny April days,  
They don't know what to do.*

—ETHEL MELVILLE

## YOUR JUNIOR RED CROSS

ACCORDING to the latest figures from the League of Red Cross Societies there are in the world today 17,550,248 Junior Red Cross members. These seventeen millions are scattered over fifty-five countries in the six continents. The latest section, formed in October, 1935, is the Netherlands Indies, and has already 13,391 members. In 1922 there were nine Junior magazines in nine countries; now there are forty-one magazines in twenty-nine countries.

The figures are not nearly so important, though, as the things these boys and girls are doing. You have read about them in the NEWS from month to month. Around the world Juniors attend courses in care of the sick and of babies, in general health, in first aid and life saving. They maintain and support summer

colonies for delicate children, convalescent homes, sanatoriums and preventoriums, hospitals, clinics, hospital beds, school baths and showers, school canteens, libraries and reading rooms, playgrounds and swimming pools, open-air and seaside schools. They carry on service programs by "adopting" sick children, orphans, poor families, war invalids, old people; by assisting the blind; by providing treatment for delicate, sick, and crippled children. They give service to the community by campaigns against tuberculosis, flies, rats, malaria; by growing and gathering medicinal plants, planting trees, protecting birds, providing safe drinking water wells in villages. They take part in national and international disaster relief work, making gifts in money and materials, especially to the children who are disaster victims. They show their friendship for fellow members in other countries by exchanging gifts and international school correspondence.

In other words, in every hour of the twenty-four in every day in the year, Junior members somewhere are doing something for others.

## THE PROGRAM PICTURE

BETTINA leads an ordered life. You can see that by the neat way she sits under the clipped boxwood. When the brass door knob has been polished, and the gooseberries have been stemmed, she takes her knitting into the garden. It is sheltered there, but above the moss-green bricks of the wall she can see the arms of the windmill whirling, and she knows that her father is busy running grain into the hopper.

The windmill stands on the dyke, where it catches the sea winds, and where it can look down on the red roofs of the town, and far out to sea. Little boats with copper-colored sails are tossing about out there on the gray water, and the arms of the mill creak and groan in the gale.

Bettina is content to sit in the warm enclosed garden with the bees humming in the honeysuckle, and the pears ripening against the wall, but as her needles click she does wish that her father's legs were not so long!—A. M. U.

## SLIP

Teacher (answering the phone): "You say Billy Smith has had a bad cold and can't come to school? Who is speaking?"

Voice (with assumed hoarseness): "This is my father."



EARLE SWAIN



William

## WHISTLERS' VAN

Idwal Jones: Viking Press: \$2.00  
(Ages 10 to 14)

**T**HIS is the story of an adventure on the Welsh moors. In this hilly land the people speak of "going to England" as if it were another country; automobiles are scarce, while Gypsy vans hung with bird cages or tinkers' tools are a common sight. Going through a town, the swarthy drivers will always play a tune on their concertina, or do a juggler's trick, if only to amuse the villagers.

But they are not popular with everyone. The gamekeepers know that they can catch a rabbit, with the aid of a tortoise and a lighted candle, without making a sound; and they know just what to feed a pig to keep him quiet, while they carry him off under the nose of an unfriendly farmer. The Gypsy knows, too, how to throw hounds off the scent when they are following.

But although the Gypsies are tricky, Gwilym Anwyl found them friendly and loyal. Once every spring since he could remember, he had heard a whistled spray of notes that sounded like a signal. When he ran to the garden wall to look, there was never anything to be seen, except perhaps a yellow van trundling away behind a powerful pair of horses. His grandfather could not have helped hearing, but he always pretended that nothing had happened, and refused to speak about "the Whistlers," as Gwilym called them.

One spring night, when Gwilym was about fourteen, he heard his grandfather drive away from the house, and when morning came, there was nothing to say where he had gone. The next day, when he was fishing in the garden brook, Gwilym heard the Whistlers. This time he looked up, and saw two men watching him over the hedge. They seemed friendly and quiet; so Gwilym began to talk to them. When they asked him to come over to their camp fire for a cup of tea, he went, although he had been told not to go near the Gypsy camp. Once there, he enjoyed talking to the two men and their queer old grandmother. He even found that he knew many words of the Romany language, which all the Gypsies speak. Before the afternoon was

over, Gwilym had decided to go on with the van in search of his grandfather. He suspected that the old man had had an urge to go traveling himself, and was following the road for awhile.

With Natty and Jubal, the two Gypsies, Gwilym had one glorious adventure after another. It was not long before the three were great friends. Gwilym seemed to understand the Gypsy ways and words instinctively. Various hints dropped at home made him think that this was not entirely accidental. Certainly his father, and his grandfather before him, had found it hard to stay at home within four walls at this time of year.

The van was headed for the "Sirnihatch," the great yearly gathering that met on the shore of a lonely mountain lake to choose the king of the Gypsies for the following year. There was always a horse race in celebration. Gwilym's part in the race, and the finding of his grandfather are told in a very exciting way as the story concludes.

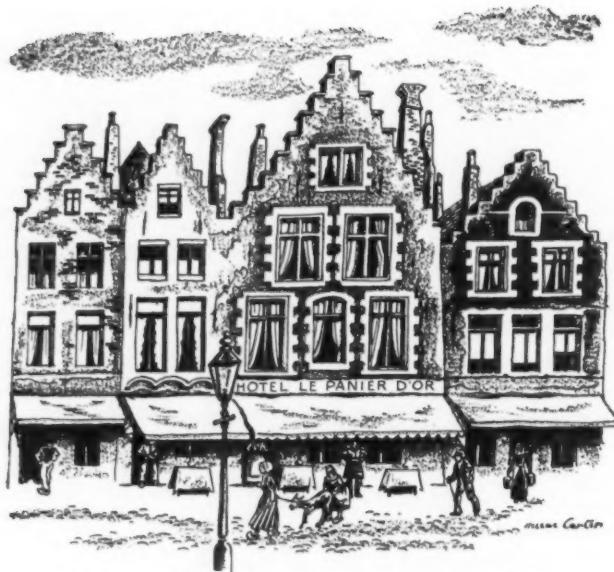
The author grew up in Wales, and many of the incidents in the book took place under his eyes.

## WILLIAM AND HIS FRIENDS

Elizabeth Naramore: Viking Press: \$ .75  
(Ages 4 to — )

**W**ILLIAM is a little hippopotamus who lives in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. He is very old. Several thousand years ago a man in Egypt made him out of clay with his hands, and baked him in an oven until he was a rare and very beautiful shade of blue. He is quite small, about eight inches long and four inches high. On his sides are painted lotus blossoms, to show that he is wading in a river among the flowers. He looks wise, and very thoughtful.

Near William in the same museum is a little prancing horse which was made in Greece many centuries ago. He holds his head high and steps to the sound of music we do not know. Not far from him are some tiny quail made of gold, that used to hang and dangle from the sword hilt of a Japanese warrior. And there is a cock, made of sheet metal in the modernistic style. These animals, and several others, are so attractive that the author made photographs of them, and put them together in a beautiful little book, with a note about each one.—C. E. W.



*The Hotel of the Golden Basket in Bruges looks like this*

## At the Sign of the Golden Basket

LUDWIG BEMELMANS

Illustrations by Helene Carter

### PART I

"BUTTON, button, collar button, where is my collar button?" said Mr. Coggeshall.

The two little girls came out of the next room. "Button, button, where are you, collar button?" They looked under the table, the chairs, and the dresser, and finally found it where it should be. That is, in the box that the collar buttons shared with ties, razor-blades, and handkerchiefs.

"Who is going to tie my cravat today?" asked Mr. Coggeshall. Melisande, the older of the two children, brought a chair and stood on it, barely reaching around her great father. She made a very fine bow under the wings of his wide collar.

Celeste, the other girl, leaned against her daddy, embracing him. She sang into his stomach with one ear on the waistcoat pocket. In there ticked a very fine golden watch with a cover that sprang open when

a button was pushed. On the inside of this cover was engraved: "To our beloved chief from his employees—London, April 1925."

All this took place in two rooms on the top floor of the Hotel le Panier d'Or—which means, "Hotel of the Golden Basket"—in the city of Bruges, Belgium.

It was a comfortable inn with a few rooms, a very fine kitchen, and a good wine cellar. The building was so old that without a house to the right, one to the left, and one in the back, it would have fallen to pieces long ago. Under the burden of many long years, it had settled back, like a tired man into the arms of a big chair, and leaned in all directions but the front.

Celeste and Melisande were ready, their hair combed, their little white socks pulled up, their daddy completely dressed, and everything put away. Melisande brushed some dust from her father's sleeve, and they went down to the dining room.

The stair that led to this room was creaky and steep, and Mr. Coggeshall came down slowly. The two little girls waited for him at the door and followed him into the room. The morning sun shone through cream-colored curtains. Mr. Coggeshall's table was in a corner under a chandelier, where he could read, and was out of the draft.

On the other side of the room sat two English ladies, who looked alike, and traveled together. They sat very straight facing each other, and they were having their little breakfast of coffee-and-milk and bread-and-butter at six francs per person.

Over the backs of their chairs hung two pet fur pieces—red foxes. One of them was cross-eyed, and that was how they were told apart. Mr. Coggeshall bowed to the two ladies before seating himself; Celeste and Melisande curtsied, and climbed on their chairs.

The two ladies thanked them with sweet faces and nods of the head. One of them smiled through glasses that were held on a stick, and are called lorgnettes, and they said good morning in a very fine manner—so quietly it could hardly be heard.

Mr. Coggeshall was seated between the little girls. There were some letters in front of him; he fumbled in his pockets. "My glasses, children; please fetch me my glasses, and bring down the umbrella. It looks like rain."

While they were gone Mr. Coggeshall ordered breakfast, and wound his watch. Then he folded his hands, and unfolded

them again, and played with the teaspoon. After a while breakfast came. Monsieur Carnewal served it: chocolate and rolls for the children, kippered herring, tea, and the *London Times* for their father.

The little girls were still upstairs. Monsieur Carnewal put his hand on the side of the pot in which the chocolate waited. It was getting cold. "I will have a look and find out what is keeping them," he said.

"My glasses," said Mr. Coggeshall, "they've gone to get my glasses. I don't remember where they are, but they will find them and the umbrella. It looks like rain—is it going to rain, Monsieur Carnewal?"

"The paper says," Monsieur Carnewal began, and then from the hall came the sound of a box full of shoes falling downstairs. "Here they are," he finished.

The children came in, and climbed on their chairs again. "Daddy, there is a boy all the way upstairs, in a room above ours—

it's like a tent—in the attic right under the roof, with a little window. He has a beautiful goldfish, and a bicycle, but the goldfish has measles, and he has a frog in a preserve jar. The frog is green and very hungry, and we have to catch flies for him. Inside his bottle there is a small lake, a garden made of moss, a stone, and a ladder. When he sits on top of

the ladder the sun is going to shine, but when he is down in the lake or in his garden, it will rain. And he is building a boat—no, not the frog, Daddy, the boy. His name is Jan; it's written J-a-n, but you pronounce



Celeste and Melisande

it 'Yan.' His other name is ter Meulen and his father and mother own this hotel. He will come down in a minute. Here are your glasses, but we did not bring the umbrella because the frog is always right."

To prove this Jan came into the room carrying the frog inside his bottle. He put it on the table in front of Mr. Coggeshall. He imitated the noises of rain, wind, and lightning, a performance so convincing that the frog plopped down the ladder into his lake and sent up angry bubbles. Mr. Coggeshall said that there was no doubt left in his mind, and that it was wonderful that a simple, wet little animal in a bottle knew so much about the weather.

\* \* \* \*

"The Belfry, my children; after we have eaten breakfast, we will walk across the Grande Place and climb up to the top to see how the chimes are made to play. Jan, here

is your weather prophet; ask your mother if you can come along."

At this moment the curtain sailed into the room, a glass fell over, rolled to the edge of the table, and fell to the floor, where it broke. A thunderbolt shook the air, and across the wide square came a sheet of rain. Monsieur Carnewal closed the windows, and turned on the light. The big raindrops drummed on the panes.

"He has a camera, too," said Melisande, pointing at Jan.

"First we will finish breakfast, children; then you may go upstairs with Jan," said Mr. Coggeshall, who had very keen ears, and could hear questions even when they were not asked. After they had finished, the little girls folded their napkins and put them into rings; and then they went with Jan.

(*What happened upstairs in the attic will be told next time. This story is part of a book called "The Golden Basket."*)

## Hide and Seek Harry

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Illustrations by Grace Paull

LONG ago at Belfast in old Ireland, a baby sister almost lost her big brother, and all because a chimney sweep was careless. This story is true. The baby sister grew up, and she is the one who told me all about it, and about the ways of chimney sweeps when she was a child in Ireland.

There were no furnaces in Belfast then, but the houses were kept warm and cheerful with fireplaces in the rooms. There were big fireplaces in the kitchens, too, instead of stoves. Coal was burned in Belfast; so the chimneys used to get filled with soot. This made work for the chimney sweeps, who were busy somewhere all the time, cleaning chimneys. Once little boys were sent down

the big, rough chimneys, to sweep the soot from the bricks that were sticking out like steps for their small feet; but that was long, long ago.

In the time of my story, the chimney sweep used to hang a big piece of canvas, like a huge sheet, from the mantel shelf to the hearth. Then he tucked the baggy end of it into the fireplace, to catch the soot when it came floating down the flue. The broom he used for sweeping and scrubbing the bricks had a short handle; but the chimney sweep had a way of making a long, long handle for the broom, so that it would reach all the way from the fireplace up to the top of the chimney. He made that long handle

from a bundle of rods. First, he reached into the fireplace and swept all the soot that he could reach with the broom's short handle. Then he fastened on one of the rods from the bundle. He had a way of fastening the broom handle and the rod securely together with a kind of metal band. After that the chimney sweep fastened on another rod, and another, until the cleaning was finished.

Then the chimney sweep carefully took down the big sheet of canvas from the mantel over the fireplace, and carefully wrapped the soot that had come down the chimney in the long baglike tucked-in end of it. After that, he carried out the soot in the canvas, and emptied it in a great sack outside. Finally he tied the top of the sack together, to keep the soot safely that he might sell it to farmers to help their gardens grow. A good chimney sweep never left a speck of soot in any room after he had cleaned a flue.

Of course children always were happy when the chimney sweep came to their parts of the town. He sang loud songs, and wore funny clothes, and liked to make the children laugh. Sometimes he pretended to try to catch them, and then laughed when they ran away shrieking and screaming for the fun of it. Not a child in all Belfast was afraid of the chimney sweep of this story.

On the morning when the chimney sweep was careless, the baby sister was in her crib talking nonsense to her fingers and toes. Her big brother, who was two years old, had been given his bath, and was dressed for the morning. Just then he and his mother heard the chimney sweep going down the



*Sometimes he pretended to try to catch them*

highroad singing, "Sweep-O, sweep-O!"

The big brother's name was Harry, and Harry danced and clapped his hands when he heard the chimney sweep. So his mother quickly finished dressing him in his pretty white dress, the kind that all little boys wore in those days. Then she quickly brushed his golden curls, and tied a blue ribbon on top of his head. The child looked so pretty, so pink and white and happy, that his mother kissed him when she put him down in the front yard, and told him to watch the children who were following the chimney sweep down the street.

Harry's mother then went back to bathe and dress her baby girl. In a few minutes she stepped to the front door to be sure that Harry was having a good time in the little front yard with the iron fence around it.

But Harry was not there. The front gate was open. The mother ran to the gate, calling and calling to Harry. She looked up the street and down the street. But Harry was not in sight. Then there was a sad time. All the neighbors, all the children, and the policeman began searching for Harry. They looked everywhere, in the



*She said, "Alice, is this your little boy?"*

house, in gardens, down the street, everywhere. But no one could find Harry.

At last the policeman went after the chimney sweep who was cleaning a chimney in a fine house near by. The chimney sweep said no, he had not seen a pink-and-white baby boy wearing a white dress and a blue ribbon on his golden hair. But he would leave his work and help find him. By this time Harry's mother was at home, rocking the baby sister, and crying and crying because her little boy was lost.

It was the chimney sweep himself who found Harry. Suddenly he remembered that he had been careless. He had left the huge sack of soot wide open on the sidewalk, not far from Harry's home. Oh, but he was frightened! He ran as fast as his long legs would carry him, and sure enough, he found Harry almost buried in the soot. The chimney sweep was just in time to save the little boy's life.

There was Harry deep in the bag of soot. In the beginning he had had a beautiful time. He had jumped in it, paddled in it, and patted the black dust on his head and

all over himself. He was as black as ebony: and that is about as black as anything can be. But when the chimney sweep found him and lifted him out of danger, Harry was coughing, and choking, and almost smothered in soot.

The chimney sweep had been so frightened that the children who had come running were frightened, too. Then the chimney sweep, with Harry in his arms, followed a young woman who said she would take him to the black baby's home. She knew who he was and where he lived. And when the young woman ran into the house, she took the black little boy in her own arms and said to his mother,

"Alice, is this your little boy?"

It was. And soon Harry, and his baby sister, and his mother, and the young woman, and the chimney sweep were all smudgy with soot, and were laughing and crying together.

Some of the children who had followed the young woman and Harry and the chimney sweep into the hall, ran back to the other children, and shouted as they ran, "The lost boy is found! The lost boy is found. That black baby was Harry!" It was a long time, though, before little black Harry was white again.

Nevermore did the chimney sweep leave his soot-sack wide open on any street in old Belfast before he sang "Sweep-O, Sweep-O," and went to clean another chimney. And to this day, nobody knows who opened

the gate for Harry that morning when he played hide-and-seek with all the neighbors, the policeman, and a chimney sweep. Harry was too young to remember it, al-

though the story was told him many times. Sometimes he told it of himself after he was grown up, and a successful business man living in the United States.

## Correspondents Here and There

### STREETS OF TUNIS

*From the École de Garçons, on the Rue Roche, in Tunis, a letter came to the Washington School in Twin Falls, Idaho:*

LAST year's class promised to take you for a walk through the souks of Tunis. They could not do it; we are pleased to keep their promise for them this year.

We are fifty-six pupils in the seventh class: French, Italian, Arab, Israelite, Maltese. The oldest are eleven, the youngest seven.

The souks of Tunis are a series of streets crossing in all directions. The streets are vaulted, sheltered from the sun and the heat by roofs, with shops opening on both sides. Each corporation has its street, and you can see all along the gallery, divided by partitions, all the workers in a trade working with the same motions. The origin of most of the present souks goes back to the twelfth century.

Starting from the Gate of France, we follow the Rue de l'Église (Church Street), and we arrive at the souk El-Attarine. The souk El-Attarine, or the souk of the perfumes, has existed since 1228. The shops in this souk are generally small; most of them are not more than one and a half meters wide, and sometimes less in depth. At the back and at the sides are phials and boxes; in front of the shops are two or three benches on which are boxes full of henna leaves, or pots filled with powdered henna. The products sold in this souk are: amber, essence of jasmine, of rose, of geranium, and the henna with which the Arab women color their hands, their feet, and their hair. The perfume merchants sell also candles; ordinary candles are barred, or sprinkled with gilt or silver. They are of all dimensions; there are even some with five branches which are used for weddings.

The perfume souk has a rather narrow entrance, but it widens at a crossroad with the souk El-Blagdjia, souk of the babouches. The babouches are leather shoes without heels, in red, yellow, green. The workers of this souk also make wooden sandals. The crossroad is very curious, with its twisted columns painted in

red, blue, and green. At the left is one of the doors of the Great Mosque.

The Great Mosque of the Olive Tree was already there in the twelfth century, a building noted for the beauty of its columns, and the elegance and height of its minaret.

We return to the souk El-Attarine, and we come to the souk El-Trouk, the souk of the tailors. The shops of the souk El-Trouk are separated by columns which carry perforated partitions sheltering the street. The workers, nearly all Israelites, are seated around a low table making burnouses and gandoures (Arab garments).

We are now going to the souk of the chechias (fez). This street is formed of long vaulted galleries, on the right and left of which are open shops remarkable for their carved woodwork. The chechias, caps of thick red cloth, are the headdress of the Arabs.

We return towards the Great Mosque, and we are going to the souk of the materials, which is interesting for its arches supported by columns the capitals of which are painted in vivid colors. It is there that the cloth merchants of Tunis gather in large numbers.

At the souk El-Leffa are sold carpets of Kairouan, and wool covers made at Djerba and Tozeur.

The saddlers are grouped at the souk El-Sekadjine. They do embroidery on cloth and leather; they make embroidered uniforms; harness embroidered in gold is their work. Next to the luxury saddlery is the ordinary one, and here also are the sellers of little bags. The saddlers' souk is distinguished by the presence of a tomb in the public street. It is that of a famous marabout, or Moslem saint. Every Friday the merchants place two flags on it, and burn candles and incense.

We will return by the same road as far as the souk El-Belat. This picturesque souk is occupied by the makers of Tunisian furniture, gilded and painted. We go next to the street of the Dyers, where workmen with red, blue, or yellow arms carry large bundles of dyed stuffs.

We must now turn to the souk El-Attarine to get to the souk El-Grana, where are found the



*A cake seller of Tunis and a package carrier*

shops of the butchers, the grocers, the drapers. It is prolonged by the Sidi Mahez street; there are found the dealers in mats made of alfalfa strands plaited and colored.

The Sida Mahez street comes out at the Bab-Souihia square. On the Square rise in profile the massive cupolas of the mosque of Sidi Mahrez. We can have a look at the Halfaouine street—the street of the fruiters.

You meet in all the streets the little shoeblock; the newspaper seller; the flowersellers whose bouquets have an original shape; the beignet merchant (doughnut fried in oil).

One sees around the markets the porter with his box, and the water-seller who goes around the streets of the Arab quarters, carrying a goatskin of water on his back, or else on the back of a donkey. There are many fried food shops in the streets. Moorish cafés are numerous at Tunis. Coffee is drunk out of little cups. At certain crossroads one sees musicians; one of the instruments is the debouka. The debouka is a vase made of terra-cotta, painted and decorated with flowers and birds. The bottom of the vase has a piece of stretched skin on it like a drum.

#### GAME FARM FOR WISCONSIN

*An album was sent from Columbus Public Junior High School in Columbus, Wisconsin, to South Africa. One letter follows:*

OUR state, Wisconsin, is trying to recover its wild life. The same is true concerning its timber. We are liberating many wild animals

such as foxes, coons, mink, otter, and many others.

There are several definite reasons for the establishment of a state experimental game and fur farm in Wisconsin. Already the hunter, trapper, commercial fur farmer, and game breeder are beginning to feel the effects of its accomplishments, and it will prove beneficial to every citizen of the state.

The game farm has a laboratory whose services are many. One of its most important uses will be as a clearing house for all dead species of wild game in the state. The experts at the farm attempt to identify diseases and parasites. The entire farm will benefit from its diagnostic and veterinary functions, and commercial game breeders and fur farmers will receive the same assistance. Experiments with breeding, housing,

and feeding of various animals and birds will be worked out. The laboratory is a clearing house for all confiscated live animals and birds.

In the past eight years, and previous to the establishment of the present farm, the Wisconsin Conservation Department produced many thousands of pheasant eggs which have been distributed throughout the state for the hunter. Some experimenting was also carried on with wild turkeys, Hungarian partridge, and various other species of birds.

The present program of game bird distribution will continue on a large scale with greater release of mature birds. Intensive study and investigation of diseases, hatching, brooding, feeding and rearing methods have been added to the regular services. These are the contribution of the game farm.

In addition, the fur farm offers several services direct to the hunter. Raccoon are being reared on a wholesale basis for distribution in the natural coon country. Red and silver foxes are to be released where they can do no damage. It is expected that liberation of the blue foxes on large refuge areas in the north will begin before long. This program will primarily benefit the hunter and sportsman of the state, and is a return for the license fee which he must pay for the privilege of hunting.

Some of the fish in our rivers and lakes are rainbow trout, speckled trout, sturgeon, black bass, white bass, mackerel, pike, rock bass, and pickerel.

An experimental game farm has been estab-

lished near Poynette, a few miles from our city, Columbus.

#### WEAVING FESTIVAL IN JAPAN

*The Nishiwaki Higher Primary School of Taka County, Hyogo Prefecture, in Japan sent this letter to School District 55 in Davey, Nebraska:*

WE wish to thank you very much for your beautiful album. All of us appreciate your skillful drawings.

We Japanese children have festivals and holidays all the year round, too. The girls' festival (March third), the boys' festival (May fifth), and the festival of the stars (July 7), are those which all the children await with impatience. The Weaving Fête is a festival peculiar to our

(Continued from page 239)

them "on the hoof," in the streets. You bought your turkey alive; and carried him home gobbling. The windows of the pastrycooks were full of cakes for the Good Night. They were marvelous cakes in the shapes of lambs, and ships, and horns-of-plenty, and fish. They were frosted and sprinkled with chocolate and silver candies. Every time I passed a window I wished I had somebody for whom I could buy a cake.

And then, one day, I saw Miguelito. He was thin and dressed in a black cotton smock and shorts, without stockings. On his feet were canvas shoes with rope soles. He was wagging a finger, first at one cake, then at another; as if he were saying to himself, "I will choose this one, no, this one." I stood back of him for a long time without being noticed, until at last I asked: "Do you suppose they taste as good as they look?"

His great black eyes looked at me with resentment. "How can the *señora* ask that? Even if one has never, never tasted a cake for *nochebuena*—even then, one knows there is nothing so delicious in all of God's world."

I sighed regretfully. "I have never tasted one," I said.

"Nor I, either. They are too dear, those cakes. That fish, now, I think it must be a *salmonete*. They come out of the water costing only a few pennies; but when they get themselves made into a cake for *nochebuena* they cost more than a dollar. Pepe, my neighbor, got a small taste of one, once."

I asked him his name.

"Miguelito. The father is Miguel."

"Good! Now, Miguelito, do you think that you and your family could manage to eat that

town. It comes in April, the month when the cherry flowers are blossoming. On that day many people disguised in costumes representing the different ages march along the street to the tune of drums and flutes.

Why do we have the Weaving Fête? Because our town is a weaving center. The cloth worn by the people of India, Africa, and Australia, is manufactured in our factories standing almost side by side. Early in the morning, the machines begin to move, and their sounds ring through the street when we hasten to school.

Our newly built schoolhouse stands on a rising ground in the eastern part of the town. There are about thirteen hundred children going to this school. From our windows we can watch the slowly flowing Kako River, and the green hills ranging northward.

cake, which is a fish; that is, if somebody should buy it for you?"

This was too much. His dark eyes looked straight into mine. Did I mean what I had said? No Andalusian, big or small, can bear to be made sport of. Did I have enough money to buy the cake? Had he heard aright—had somebody asked him if his family could eat it, provided it was once theirs? Was I a person whose words could be trusted? All these questions showed so plainly in his face I could read them there. I repeated the question.

Words flew off his tongue like sparks off a Fourth of July pinwheel: "Eat it? Could we eat a turkey, a sucking-pig, a young bull, a whole bake-shop? *Dios mio*, do you know how many there are of us?" He started to call off the family by name, marking them on his fingers. But the fingers gave out before he was through: "There is the father, the mother, the grandmother, the blind aunt, the baby, Carlos, José, Nicholás, Lola, Pablo, Ana, and I, myself. Even now I may have forgotten one."

We lost no time. Into the shop we went. The big cake, that was a fish, covered with candies and pink frosting, was put into a box. The lid was firmly secured; then it was put into Miguelito's arms. I waved him down the street; but he went slowly. Every step or two he had to stop, to look back at me, to rub his stomach, round and round. At the corner of the street he squatted on his heels and lifted the cover of the box, as if to make sure the precious cake was within. Replacing the cover, he got to his feet and kissed the fingers of one hand into the air in a last gesture of thanks and farewell.

The next moment he had vanished around the corner.



## International News

**T**HE Student Committee of School No. 42 in Havana, Cuba, addressed this letter to all children of the United States:

Today [April 14] we celebrate Pan American Day. In the name of the Cuban students, and especially the pupils of School No. 42 in Havana, we send greetings to all children in the United States, and give them a loving embrace.

The era of wars has passed; the twentieth century is the century of progress—the droning of machines, the noise of workshops, the murmur of schools. And above all this great mass of humanity a flag rises and trembles timidly as though still in doubt: the flag of peace.

The day is coming, dear friends, when all countries will wipe out boundaries, and the beautiful American republic will rise gloriously. This was Bolivar's dream, and San Martin's, and it is the dream of a whole generation of young people eager for progress, for peace and union.

We, who belong also to the great crowd that wants peace, wish that this greeting might go through the air, and bind with a strong love the heart of our people to that of our sister nation.

May that social specter that we call "War" disappear forever from our continent!

**A**LTHOUGH the J. R. C. Section at Simrizzhamn, Sweden, has only sixty-six members, they paid all the summer holiday expenses of twelve children.

**A** PROGRAM in the form of a Health Broadcast was given by the East Ward School, Pembroke, Ontario. For the sketch, the stage was made into a kitchen, and Judge Kitchen Clock with his white wig, and long black gown came out to settle matters between Mrs. Milk Bottle and Mrs. Coffee Pot. Five cents admission was charged, and the Juniors raised \$14, which was used to help a crippled child.

**M**ILLER School of Winchester, Virginia, has for several years carried on correspondence with schools abroad in India, Japan, Latvia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria. This letter, received from a Primary School at Sofia, tells about school activities in Bulgaria:

Thank you very much for your portfolio which we received at the end of the school year. The letter that came with it was not tiresome at all, because it was full of news which interested us very much.

We sympathize with you for the great floods that have happened in your country.

Our country also suffered a disaster, namely the fire in the small town of Bansko. A big part of the town burned down. Measures were taken to shelter and feed those who suffered in the fire. We, the Juniors, collected money and clothes which were sent to Bansko. In the portfolio we are sending, you will find pictures of the disaster, and also pictures of the programs which we have given in school. Now we are preparing an entertainment program, the proceeds of which will be used to help our needy friends in school, who are quite many.

We are sending you a pair of sandals used by our peasants in the villages. In our last letter, we wrote you of our rose valley, where roses grow which are used for the preparation of rose oil. Now we are sending you a little of this rose oil.

Please send us the picture of the boy who built airplanes. We shall be glad to see him.

Hoping to receive your answer very soon, we are sending you our most cordial greetings.

**F**ORTY-THIRD Street School, Fairfield, Alabama, received an album from the Tsuyama School, Osaka Prefecture, Japan, describing in colored pictures, the holidays celebrated each month in the year. All of the drawings except one were made by boys. Here are the captions which the boys put under the pictures: January,

kite flying; February, bean throwing to chase evil influences; March, the girls' festival; April, folk-dance under the cherry blossoms; May, carp flags of the boys' festival; June, firefly catching; July, the festival of the stars; August, hiking; September, the moon festival; October, the harvest festival; November, rice harvesting; December, the people making rice cakes for the New Year.

**J**UNIOR Red Cross Day was celebrated in Yugoslavian schools in many ways. At Zagreb, several thousand pupils with their parents and friends took part in a celebration in the great hall of the Zagreb Club. There were songs and music, and a playlet acted by the Juniors told about life in summer colonies at Skrad and Selce.

At Surdulitza, there was a procession in which all the schools took part.

At Biletcha, lectures for the Juniors were given, and posters distributed. Money from the lectures was turned over to the J. R. C.

At Vales, a parade through the streets of the town was headed by the Red Cross flag. Mass was celebrated before the monument of Babunski, the priest gave a sermon, a child recited a poem on the Red Cross, and the headmaster of the school gave a talk about the Red Cross and its Junior Section.

At Batchina, all the city gathered at the primary school where there was a talk by the headmaster on the aims of the



Czechoslovakian Juniors change their muddy shoes for slippers before entering their classroom

Junior Red Cross. This was followed by a concert and play.

**T**HE El Centro School, Colombia, South America, heard the appeal of the American Red Cross for funds for flood relief over the radio. With their gift of \$41, they wrote:

We are about four hundred miles up the Magdalena River, and in the very heart of the jungle on an oil lease. We have to depend upon radio for current events. We heard your appeal over the radio. There are ten enrolled in our school, and we range in age from six to twelve.

A six-year-old Canadian boy wrote in large, penciled capital letters: "I am six years old, and I just earned twenty-five cents, and I want to send it to you."

**G**ERMAN J. R. C. members, whose fathers work in a porcelain factory which is run to provide employment for men during the winter, sold plates made in the factory for the benefit of their Service Fund. They also made artificial flowers to sell. At Easter time they sold ninety-three "rosettes" in their village.

The Juniors collected food, toys, and clothing for distribution to needy families.

**U**SING waste leather and other material which they had available, members of the Mangaroa School, New Zealand, have made moccasins, teapot stands, scrapbooks and other articles. They were sold for the Service Fund or given away.

## Our Activities

**L**IFE begins to get pretty dull after a few days in a place filled with flood refugees who can't go back to their homes for a matter of weeks maybe. That's why the Red Cross started various kinds of entertainment for the flood sufferers who had to stay in refugee centers for some time because their homes were either destroyed or not fit for them to go back to. Many of the refugees were children who found they had lots of time hanging heavy on their hands.

And because Junior Red Cross members everywhere had sent in generous amounts for flood relief, there was money to pay for

all kinds of recreation for these children.

Playground and gymnasium apparatus have been provided, and toys, books, raffia, colored crayon, work paper, plastic clay, and other materials for handwork have been supplied. There are sewing classes for girls and simplified manual training for boys, reading and study groups, lecture periods, and hiking parties. Plays and pageants have been presented, and spelling bees, "talent" nights, group singing, harmonica clubs, have been organized as part of the program to help the children forget the hardships they have been through.

Even before National Headquarters had had



The Coast Guard helped to evacuate Cairo, Illinois, in the recent floods. This family and its dogs were among those who had to go

time to organize this project, many local J. R. C. groups had planned ways to help the flood sufferers.

As soon as the J. R. C. of Henry County, Tennessee, learned that concentration camps for people made homeless by the floods were to be established in the county, they gave more than fifty dollars to help. Part of this was from their Service Fund; the rest was made up from special collections. Toys and magazines have been collected for the child refugees, and when February 14 came along, the Henry County Juniors made enough valentines for all.

J. R. C. members in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, and Webster Groves, Missouri, collected toys, games, and story books, and sent thousands of them to the children in Red Cross concentration camps in Missouri, Illinois, and Arkansas flood areas. More than a million Juniors took part.

MANY letters similar to this one were addressed to the Junior Red Cross by children in the refugee camp at Benton, Missouri:

I want to thank you for the toys you sent to me at Benton. I live in Risco, Missouri. I am in the third grade. I am eleven years old, and I love to go to school. I like my teacher. Thank you again.

It was at the Benton camp that some of the older children banded together and formed what they call Junior Red Cross Aides. They have charge of serving meals to the aged refugees, help clean up and tidy the dining tables twice each day, help mothers with their babies, act as runners between the office and other places in the

camp territory, and serve in many other ways.

IN MARENGO County, Alabama, the Juniors collected fifteen hundred pennies for flood relief.

J. R. C. bookplates for pasting in gift books are available from National Headquarters Offices in Washington, St. Louis, or San Francisco.

WHEN the women of the Zonta International Club of Burlington, Vermont, arranged their international dinner and program last fall, they asked Juniors of the Converse, Champlain, and Ira Allen Schools to help.

The J. R. C. made the program covers—white, decorated with an American flag; the placecards—flags of different nations painted on white cards; and the favors—small dolls dressed in costumes of foreign lands.

After dinner the Juniors gave a pageant, named after Anna Milo Upjohn's book, "Friends in Strange Garments."

First there came through a doorway actors representing Friendship, Peace, and Service. Following these came children dressed in the costumes of sixteen different countries. Parents of some of the cast were born in the countries which their children represented. Each child carried a gift typical of the nation he represented, and told some of the contributions that nation had made to the world.

Native songs and folk dances were a part of the program. Finally, the American and Swiss boys joined hands over a globe, while the cast sang the Junior Red Cross song.

Material for the pageant was gathered from several sources, including the NEWS, and plays offered from time to time by National Headquarters.

TO NATIONAL Headquarters one day early in the year, came a mailing tube from Puerto Rico. Rolled up in the tube was this brailled letter from children of the School for the Blind in Santurce:

This is to thank you heartily for the beautiful books in braille that members of your Society made for us. They contain very beautiful stories, and we have made good use of our leisure time reading them.

**J**UST below is a picture of the Palm Beach County, Florida, members in the costumes they wore when singing an Indian Lullaby at their County Council meeting. An Indian trader, dressed in western trader costume, played the tom-tom, and sang some other Indian songs. Along with him he brought some Indian hand-work to show the Juniors.

Another feature of the program was a dramatization of "Three Little Pigs." The school's music teacher took the part of the "Big, Bad Wolf" and the janitor of the school made the three houses of brick, sticks, and straw, only for the straw, he used palmetto leaves. J. R. C. members talked so much about this play at home, that several mothers asked to have it repeated. So it was given one Wednesday night as a free program in the band shell of the city park.

First-grade Juniors of West Palm Beach asked their teacher to copy the braille alphabet on the blackboard so that they could read the messages on the greeting cards they were covering for blind children.

**T**HE Junior High School of Houlton, Maine, reports that they have five committees to carry on their Junior Red Cross program.

A member of the Council sends this account of what some of the committees are doing just now:

The Correspondence Committee is working on a potato project. Members are also carrying on correspondence with some foreign nations.

The Student Welfare Committee has sent eight baskets of fruit to children who are ill; also card showers and ice cream to other pupils who are absent.

The Community Welfare Committee's main project at Christmas was to send to children in the hospitals remembrances of candy and fruit. They helped the Salvation Army by filling barrels with clothing, toys, and food.

Our latest project has been to cover brailed valentines to send to the school for the blind in Maine.

**T**WELVE games were made by J. R. C. members of Covington, Kentucky, for men they have adopted in the government hospital at Outwood, Kentucky.

The Juniors marked paper plates so that there were three partitions, each with a number. Tiny beanbags were sent along with the plates. These were to be thrown from a distance into the partitions, and high score determined the winner.

**L**AST year on World Good Will Day, May 18, the Opportunity Room, Grades 5 and 6 of the Selma Avenue School in Hollywood, California, gave an original pageant. In the first part, various spokesmen for great wars told how the wars in which each had been engaged led on, not to peace, but to more hatred and bloodshed. In the second part a conference of representatives from the fifty-five countries with Junior Red Cross memberships, met to discuss and try to solve one another's problems through cooperation.

**J**ONESBORO School, Bessemer, Alabama, sent to correspondents in the Philippine Islands, a box full of paper dolls which they had colored carefully with crayon, to resemble well-known storybook people. Here is the letter that went along with the dolls:

We have made dolls of our favorite book characters and dressed them. We send them to you as a Book Week gift, and hope you will enjoy them as we did.

Place your first two fingers in the rolls at the back of the dolls' legs and you can make them walk.

We made a stage and had them walk out, bow, and then tell about themselves. It was lots of fun.

We would be glad to hear from you.

Attached to each doll was its story. "Alice in



*Fourth grade members from Palm Beach County, Florida, who sang an Indian lullaby at the County Council meeting*

"Wonderland," blonde, and dressed in blue, with a white apron, said:

My name is Alice. I followed a white rabbit into its hole and found myself in a wonderland too marvelous to tell about. You should have been at the mad tea party. Some of my acquaintances were the March Hare, the Red Queen, the Mad Hatter, and the White Rabbit.

FOURTH-GRADE members of the Druid School No. 60, Baltimore, Maryland, made "rainy-day boxes" to amuse sick children. Cigar boxes were enameled in rose and white and tied with plaited embroidery silk.

In the box for girls were tiny figurines, dishes, furniture, flowers, puzzles and tiny books. For the boys there were soldiers, toys, ships, airplanes, balls, and small games.

Fifth-grade children took part in the same project by making jokebooks and a large colored bird book with stories to go along with each picture.

"Ways We Helped" is what second-graders of Lexington School No. 95, Baltimore, Maryland, called this report of their activities:

Our class bought some seeds. We planted the seeds. Around Easter time we sent them to some children in the hospital.

We were studying about the Indians. We made a book for them. We sent it to the Indian reservation.

When there was a flood, we put money in a box. We gave it to the Red Cross.

A REPORT of the year's work was dramatized by the Junior Red Cross of the Syracuse and Onondaga County Chapter, New York. The pageant, called "The Messengers of Good Will," had five major characters, *Good Will*, *Junior Red Cross*, *The Spirit of Service*, *The Spirit of Fitness for Service*, and *The Spirit of World Friendship*.

In the opening scene, a group of school children with books under their arms, marched onto the stage, led by standard bearers carrying the American and Red Cross flags. Following a salute to the flag, the Junior pledge was repeated, and one stanza of "America" was sung. Then the play opened.

*Good Will* reminded the audience that World

Good Will Day fell on May 18, and asked that they consider ways for furthering world friendship. Then *Junior Red Cross* responded by telling about the aims of the organization, and asked the *Spirit of Service* for a report of activities.

Then *Junior Red Cross* asked *Fitness for Service* to tell something more about J. R. C. activities. She told of classes in Home Hygiene and First Aid, of dental clinics, and of general health programs in the schools.

When *Good Will* remarked, "You have only shown how you are helping yourselves, and the needy persons in your own city and county. Are you not mindful of spreading the message of good will to the children of the world?" *Junior Red Cross* asked the *Spirit of World Friendship* to speak. After hearing an account of the Christmas box project, the work of the National Children's Fund, and school correspondence exchanges, *Good Will* said, "Well done, J. R. C. members of Syracuse and Onondaga County."

*Good Will* then joined hands with *Junior Red Cross* and, to close the pageant, repeated Ethel Blair Jordan's familiar lines:

"In hearts too young for enmity  
There lies the way to make men free;  
When children's friendships are worldwide,  
New ages will be glorified.  
Let child love child, and strife will cease.  
Disarm the hearts, for that is peace."

ROBERT E. LEE School of New Orleans, Louisiana, has its own paper, *The Red Cross Bulletin*, published each week. It is sold for a



*The pupils of the Kensington Avenue School in Springfield, Massachusetts, sent this picture of second grade pupils in their garden to Poland*

penny a copy and the money all goes into the Service Fund.

News in the *Bulletin* is not confined to the activities of Robert E. Lee School. Notes about other New Orleans doings are included, too. The Christmas number gave, in addition, a brief account of how Christmas is celebrated in other lands; a thumbnail sketch of Mr. Nicholas Bauer, Superintendent of Schools; and a mention of the fact that Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, children of England's King and Queen, are members of the J. R. C.

**B**OYS in the fifth grade of the Wilson School, Tulare, California, have a vegetable garden on a quarter of an acre of ground near the school.

They keep the garden weeded, cultivated, fertilized, and irrigated so that the soil and plants are in good condition, according to one of the boys in the class. The plants had to be sprayed, too, for insects and other pests. The Juniors had some trouble with the lettuce in the garden; so they sent a sample to the College of Agriculture in Berkeley, and experts there told the boys just what to do.

Peas, potatoes, lettuce, cabbage, radishes, turnips, carrots, spinach, beets, onions, strawberries, chard, peppers and tomatoes are grown. The boys market their own products, making out bills and keeping accounts. Then at the end of the season the gardeners keep three-quarters of the money received. The rest they turn over to the Junior Red Cross Service Fund.

**T**O EARN money for their Service Fund, members in Yazoo City, Mississippi, sold fresh eggs.

**F**OREIGN exchanges which they have received during the past few years were on exhibit at the Alta Vista School, Auburn, Calif-



Burlington, Vermont, Juniors giving the play "Friends in Strange Garments"

fornia, on World Good Will Day. At the entrance to the exhibit, the Juniors placed a small box to receive the "Good Will" contributions of the guests. The Juniors asked that no one put more than five cents in the box. They received enough money to pay for their enrollment for the next year, and to give a generous contribution to the National Children's Fund.

**L**IVE Oak School Juniors, New Orleans, Louisiana, dramatized the sketch "Everybody's Flag," at the morning exercises of the school; later they repeated it for the New Orleans Elementary Council meeting.

The Allen Elementary School in the same city, accompanied the Gray Ladies of the Chapter to the Marine Hospital and delivered 1,600 books which they had collected.

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**M**EMBERS of the Parkside School, Camden, New Jersey, painted and decorated thirty-six flower pots. In them they set pansy plants.

The gifts were then sent to the Home for the Aged at Easter time.



PAN AMERICAN DAY IS APRIL 14

SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE

